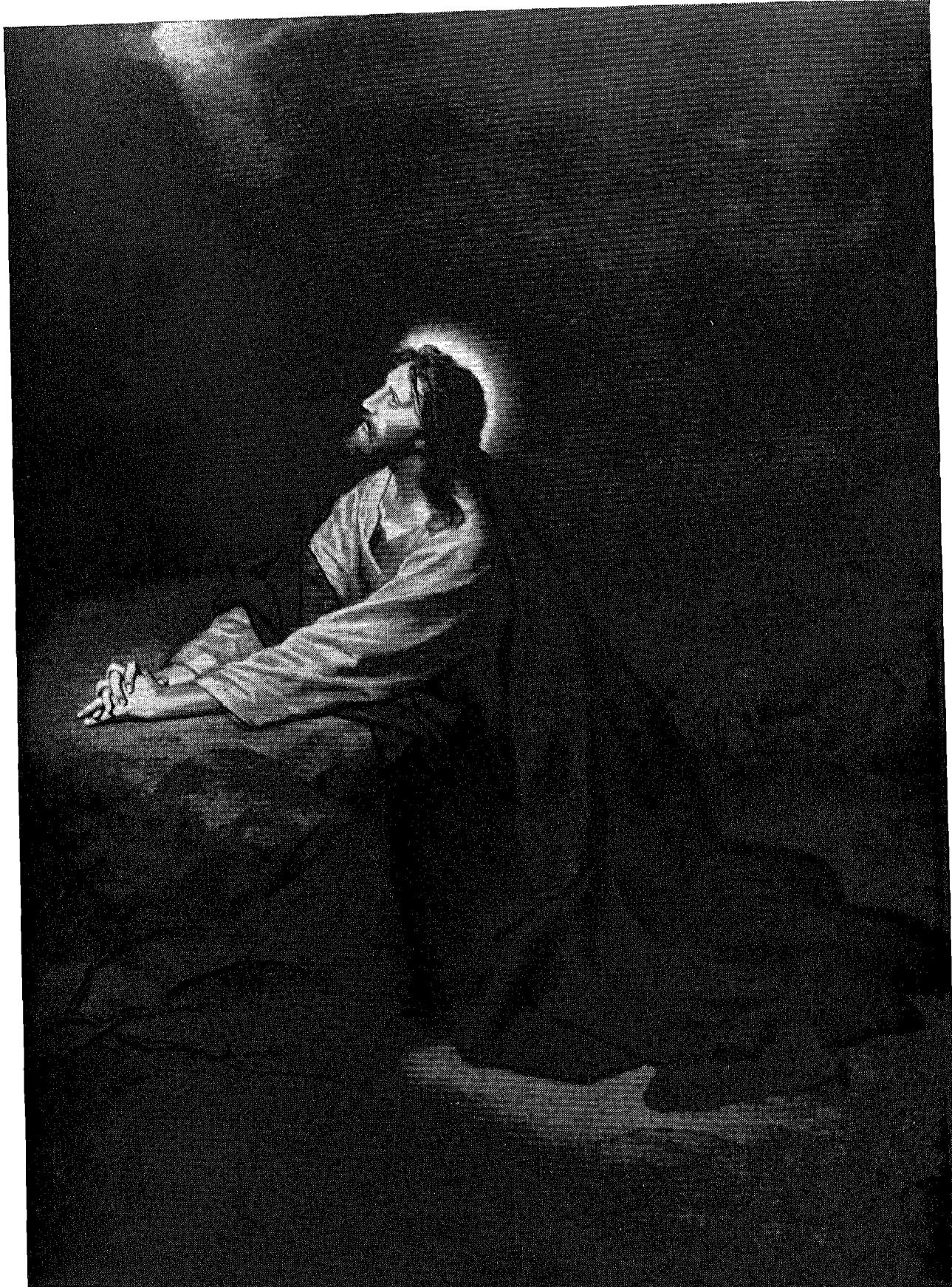


# *The* WAR CRY

EASTER NUMBER

1956





BEFORE THE rapture of the Resurrection there had to come the grimness of Gethsemane, where Jesus agonized in prayer, and sought strength for His great ordeal. The German artist, Hoffman, has graphically represented this subject in his well-known masterpiece. Our hearts are touched as we gaze on it, and realize something of the enormous price Christ paid for our redemption. We note with sorrow the indifference of the three disciples, sleeping while their Master prays. Let us resolve, this Eastertide, to be willing to "watch with Him one hour", and learn something of the beauty of sacrificial service. May we be inspired to take up our cross daily, and follow Him.

PAGE TWO

THE WAR CRY

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# *A Soldier's Reverie*

## *On The Spot Where Paul Preached*

BY W. M. MAGRUM, Peace River, Alta.

THE khaki-clad soldier gazed out from the crumbling battlements at Caesarea, or rather, at what was left of Caesarea—a sandy desolation, reflecting naught but a past of oppressive heat and swirling grit, uninhabited save by the red ants of the desert. And yet, was it not here, in the self-same spot, that Paul of Tarsus had said, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day were both almost and altogether such as I am . . .?"

The soldier looked beyond the ruins, to the broad expanse of the Mediterranean, which faded gradually into a vague, purple haze on the edge of the horizon. A breeze rippled up from the shore, first causing the scattered palms to tremble, then stirring the dust in forgotten byways, finally caressing the escarpment below him. He drew himself up to meet it, and his eyes closed as the cool wind struck his face and lifted the hair from his forehead.

Caesarea. Hard, indeed, to believe it a city immortal, that here the first three journeys of Paul came to an end, and he, whose name meant "little" but whose deeds proclaimed him to be surely of the great, was

taken to Rome as a prisoner. Shackles seemed to be the heritage of all missionaries, and no less the lot of Paul.

The soldier took a guide book from his tunic pocket and allowed it to fall open where he had turned the corner in. "Paul," he read, "born in the city of Tarsus about B.C. 1. Sent to Jerusalem for his education; converted while journeying to Damascus; first proclaimed Jesus to be the Son of God while in Damascus. Began first missionary work with Barnabas in A.D. 47 . . ." The reader paused, and looked up from the printed page. How trite indeed was the modern conception of that wonderful saga, now condensed to a meaningless phrase. If the compiler had but used Paul's own words to tell of the conversion!

"At midday . . . I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me . . . And when we were all fallen to the earth I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? . . . And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said,

I am Jesus whom thou persecutes . . ."

Tiny little tendrils of the past clutched and entwined the heart of the soldier and, for a moment, the spell of those words held him close to the Infinite, banishing the impulse which had led him to this forsaken spot. The book

closed. He knew it by heart. "Second Journey, A.D. 50-59 . . ." What matter the dates! Today, tomorrow an aeon hence! No matter when Paul came to Jerusalem, sufficient that he did come, and in that coming was ready to die for the name of his Lord! Sufficient that he was dragged from the temple, but never once lost his faith, in spite of the blood and sweat about him.

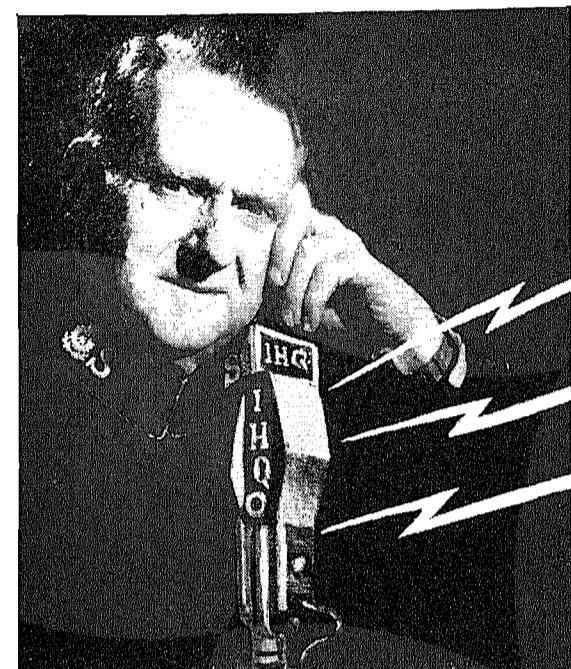
And here in Caesarea he had been brought to trial before Agrippa Herod, had delivered one of those discourses destined to live forever and had moved Agrippa to state, "This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds . . ."

The soldier replaced the guide book in his pocket. There was one last phrase in it: "Beheaded at Rome in the great persecution of Christians, A.D. 67." Somehow the story of Paul seemed to have a greater meaning now, and gave courage when courage was needed most . . .

Slowly he retraced his way down the roughly-hewn steps of the escarpment, pausing for a few brief moments to scratch his initials in the sandstone, and the year "A.D. 1916."

At the bottom two soldiers in the olive green of the Turkish army awaited his return—the return from a last request. To the east lay the prison camp of Kut-el-Mein, where on the morrow, just at sunrise, great things would be revealed to the soldier. He bent and scooped up a handful of sand, letting it run through his fingers and mingle again with the desert from whence it came. So tomorrow he, too, should return  
*(Continued on page 14)*





## *The General's Message*

TO SALVATIONISTS AROUND THE WORLD

# WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE SAID AT CALVARY?

*A Good Friday Message*

THE General at the microphone, International Headquarters, London.

**J**T is always a matter of extreme interest to me to stand in the midst of a crowd and to hear the observations made by those around me. Such observations may be the result of some particular mental outlook or may even be the outcome of some prior bias.

It is given to crowds to express themselves in varying manner and sometimes such observations as may be made are an evidence of "bad manners". The observations at a sports gathering have to do with the centre of interest—the game. The observations at a political meeting will in all probability reflect the prior convictions of listeners. Even in a Salvation Army meeting one hears, not without a degree of satisfaction, the whispered words of those present that reveal a reaction to something said by one who is praying or speaking. "Amen" and "Hallelujahs" are really the reaction

The writer of this article, General W. Kitching, is the Army's seventh international leader, and has occupied this responsible position since July 1, 1954. He is "a son of the regiment", his father having served as private secretary to the Army Founder, William Booth, and also General Bramwell Booth. His wife is World President of the Army's Home League.

upon the hearer's mind of something seen or heard.

**WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE SAID AT CALVARY?**

Let us consider first the things that others said:

**THE WORD SAID BY PILATE** was a written word and, perhaps, was meant by him to have permanence. Be that as it may, though he

may have written the words in a jesting spirit they were none the less true: "THIS IS JESUS THE KING OF THE JEWS" (Matthew 27: 37). The Jews certainly rejected Him as their King, but ultimately He would see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

Pilate is a pathetic figure. At one moment he has been brave and bold enough to admit another truth, "I find no fault in this Man", but he lacked the courage of his conviction.

saved others; Himself He cannot save", has become the anthem for redeemed and adoring men.

There were those in the crowd who were not so much participants as spectators. Crucifixions, with all their horror and shame, were not without public interest. Of such who stood there it is recorded that "they that passed by reviled Him, wagging their heads" (Matthew 27: 39).

Here was the attitude of mockery. They chose to remind Him of what He had said about destroying the Temple and building it again in three days, and when they thought

BY GENERAL WILFRED KITCHING,  
THE ARMY'S INTERNATIONAL LEADER

tions and he who at one moment had pronounced the Prisoner as innocent, is soon committing Him to the will of the people and giving permission for His death.

*Stand for a moment by the side of the Jewish leaders and hear what they have to say. Theirs is the word of derision: "He saved others; Himself He cannot save . . . let Him now come down from the Cross, and we will believe Him" (Matthew 27: 42, 43).*

### Love Held Him There

Their derisive remarks were an accusation that, because He could not save Himself and could not come down from the Cross, then all His claim to Kingship was a pretence and His claim to be the Son of God blasphemy. We know, however, that it was not that He could not save Himself, nor that He could not escape from the Cross, but that He would not, for it was love that held Him there. The Cross was love's necessity. The accusation, "He

He was calling on Elijah they said: "Let us see whether Elias will come to save Him." Mockery is always cruel, especially when those who express it are too blind to see the truth or are unwilling to admit they do see it.

*The attitudes of the malefactors are as different as night is from day. The very position that Jesus finds Himself in is not without its challenge. Is it not symbolic? All through His life Jesus finds Himself at home with sinners, not because He had sin in Himself, but because He had come "to seek and to save that which was lost". How can a man be a saviour unless he comes to those whom he seeks to save? Here in death Jesus is not divided and unknowingly those who placed a malefactor on either side of Him were giving the Saviour His chosen place.*

The bitter comments of one speak only of his rebellion, whilst the words of the other reveal a spirit of repentance. In the words of one

HE WORLD

# YOU HAVE CALVARY?

## Meditation



malefactor is the cynical sneer, "Save Thyself and us" (Luke 23: 39), but to the other was given that insight which made it possible for him to see and to know what other witnesses to this foul deed were too blind to see.

The conversation of the squad of Roman soldiers who had done what they were told was their duty, is concerned, not with His agonies or dying cry, but only on how best to dispose of His garments, which was the prerogative given to those who had the work of crucifying a prisoner.

### The Centurion's Witness

Not far away, however is the centurion. He has heard all that has been said and has seen the dying agonies of One whose death seems already, to him, to be different from any other such death he has ever witnessed, and from his lips there comes a judgment that has in it more insight than he knew, "Truly this was the Son of God" (Matthew 27: 54).

Was it that this man, who may have been a hero, recognized heroism in this death? Was it that this death, which was so ugly, had somewhere in it some moral beauty and the awareness of an unspotted righteousness? The centurion's judgment has more in it for our inspiration than the judgment made earlier in the life of Jesus, "Is not this the carpenter's Son?"

### Belongs to All Time

Now what should we have said on this dark day? Let me press the question to its logical conclusion. What do we say now, for Calvary belongs to all time and we are all spectators and have our part in its sorrow. The Cross is a timeless wrong, a dateless sorrow and an eternal sacrifice. The Cross may have been set up by Jewish hands, but all that took place around it was compassed by more than Jew-

ish sins. We must say something. Even our very silence, though we refuse to open our lips, would say something!

### The Crooked Kisses

There is a story which tells of a woman taking her small nephew to church. He had possibly paid little heed to the preacher, but a stained glass window had held his attention. When all was over and it was possible to break the silence of the worship hour he, full of excitement, said to his aunt, "Did you see God's kiss?"

"What can you mean?" she replied.

"I saw it," he declared enthusiastically. "I saw God's kiss on the window at the end of the church. I make my kisses crooked when I put them at the bottom of my let-

ters, but God's kiss is straight up." He had seen the cross in the window and in his childish way he was saying more than he knew. Whatever else we may say at Calvary we

are bound to say, "God is love", for here the Father presses on us all the kiss of forgiveness.

I have hoped that this meditation might take you back in spirit to hear the voices of those lifted up at Calvary. What will you say of Calvary now? Let these words express your determination:

*Where'er I go I'll tell the story  
Of the Cross;  
In nothing else my soul shall glory  
Save the Cross.  
Yes, this my constant theme shall be  
Through time and in eternity,  
That Jesus tasted death for me  
On the Cross.*

## EASTER AND PENTECOST

THE trouble is that the Church has been content to live between Easter and Pentecost—on the right side of justification but on the wrong side of sanctification; on the right side of pardon, but on the wrong side of power. The difference between the world and the Church is in the relation of each to Calvary. But it is not enough that the Church and the Christian be on the right side of Easter which has brought us forgiveness and life; life which is characterized by trust, and peace.

"We are as unable to live this life in our own strength as we were unable, in the first instance, to save ourselves by our own efforts, but He who began a good work in us can and will perfect it in all who yield to Him... If one is living before Easter, the Christ of the New Testament is not in his experience at all; he is spiritually dead. If one is living between Easter and Pentecost, Christ is in his experience as Redeemer and Saviour. He has spiritual life. But not unless one is living from and in Pentecost is the Lordship of Christ a reality to him, nor can he enjoy spiritual health, which is holiness."

Rev. Graham Scroggie.



MRS. GENERAL KITCHING



"Remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead."—II Timothy 2:8.

**S**O wrote Paul, as a parting command to Timothy. The words are among the last he is known to have penned, and the circumstances in which they were written invest them with a dramatic force in no way diminished by time. They have in our ears this Easter, indeed, a resonance greater than ever before, and at this we need feel no surprise, for it is the resonance of these perilous times, which is an age the Apostles foresaw.

He was waiting on the threshold of eternity. He was "ready to be offered," his fight finished, his race run. But there was no vestige of fear in his heart. Through every ordeal he had kept the faith, and now there was coming his finest hour, to find him more than conqueror.

With every spiritual instinct quickened by its approach, he was sensing already that of which he had written to the church in Corinth. Things he had known in part were assuming their perfect fulness; soon he would see his Master face to face. And the faith he had preached, in season and out of season, rose up exultantly, and cried in exhortation: "Remember that Jesus Christ was raised from the dead!"

Ever since that tremendous moment on the Damascus Road, Paul had been actuated by one supreme conviction—that the Christ of God, triumphant over the blind wicked-

# JESUS LIVES!

ness which sought to destroy Him, was still and for all time a living Saviour.

It was given to him to see the vital importance of preaching this truth, the calamitous outcome of giving it less than first place, the background of disbelief and contempt against which it would have to be preached at the last. He shared his Master's fore-knowledge of the tragic decline of faith in the latter days, so that he was able to set down, with astonishing exactitude,

at this statement even more closely. Christianity is now confronting its greatest, and perhaps its final, test. It will stand or fall on one main issue: whether or not it is possible for man to have within him the very life of Christ Himself.

Men in a plight like ours are not saved by creeds or ideologies. They need a Deliverer and a Road. Christianity is either life and a way of life, or it is no faith for times like these, and it is very necessary that Christian people should re-examine

BY HUGH REDWOOD

Author of "GOD IN THE SLUMS," and other books

the symptoms of our present world sickness. Look at his list:

Disobedience to parents, boastfulness, lack of natural affection, arrogance, unthankfulness, blasphemy, selfishness, treachery, covetousness, recklessness, untruth, disregard of agreements, conceit, violence, uncleanness, contempt of good living, sexual looseness. So he set it down.

In this order it reads like the Devil's own blueprint of damnation. But the catalogue is not complete; it reaches its climax thus:

Love of pleasure, displacing love of God.

Formal religion, stripped of any real power.

"When the Son of Man cometh," said Jesus, "shall He find faith on the earth?"

"No," answers Paul in effect, "unless that faith is built on a living Christ. Our Gospel is that Jesus died to reconcile men to God, but that we are saved by His life. If Christ be not risen, we have no Gospel." It is well that we should look

their faith in the illuminating light of the times.

The Christianity which Paul preached did not stop short at believing that Jesus Christ is God incarnate. It did not hold that the work of redemption came to an end on Calvary. It saw the death of Christ on the Cross as showing the depth to which man could sink and the length to which God in His love could go.

We, too, must keep the Cross before us, but, like Paul, we must see beyond it. Unless we preach a living Christ, we have nothing to say to a dying world. The Cross stands for reconciliation, but the word of salvation is: "Jesus lives!"

If, in fact, the Cross were all, if the empty tomb and the first Easter Day did not matter, one would despair of preaching salvation to a world that forgets so soon.

We must make this our watchword: "Remember that Jesus Christ was raised from the dead." And to

(Continued on opposite page)

# JESUS LIVES!

(Continued from page 6)

get that over to the careless and indifferent, I think, we shall find that shock-tactics are necessary, since the world's disease is really a split mind and the likeliest treatment is shock therapy. Split mind existed long ages before the doctors called it schizophrenia. James, the Apostle, wrote of its dangers, and mankind has come to the brink of destruction through disregarding the Bible's warnings. Men and their leaders have been of two minds about God, their formal religion negated by denials, evasions and outright rejections. They must be shocked back into sanity. Perhaps that is why God allowed them to blaspheme Him with the atomic bomb.

## The Folly of Omitting God

We need do no more to shock them than marshal the naked facts. Well nigh forty years ago, at the end of the First World War, we set out to find the way to final peace. But we left God out of our company, and we very soon lost our direction. Our lofty ideals led us upwards maybe, but the path became more and more perilous, with a sheer cliff face on the one hand and a deepening abyss on the other. The clouds gathered, and night fell, and the storm broke. It was then far too late to turn back. We could only put our heads down and go through with it—through to the worse things ahead. Word was passed back of a corner before us, and round that corner escape, a new era, the atomic era, ushered in by a blast that should end war forever.

What happened, of course, was something quite different. The blast brought the war to an end, but it also destroyed the road and cut off mankind's retreat. Before and behind us the path disappeared; we were trapped on a ledge so narrow, so dizzy, that to lose our heads meant almost certain destruction.

We are still trapped. We cannot go back; we cannot climb down; the only way of escape is up, and we cannot take that without help from above. Then thank God for a living Christ who offers it, the Road and the Deliverer, the Way, the Truth, the Life!

Why, without help from above, is escape impossible? Why cannot we climb out of this horrible pit? In the

simplest language, because it is contrary to human nature. An act of mass repentance is necessary, using the word "repentance" as meaning a complete change of direction and attitude, and the gravitational pull of evil is all against it.

## Failure to Understand

But the power to overcome is offered. We know it, but somehow we don't grasp it: we are people who hear without understanding and see without true perception. Jesus Christ, we affirm, is the one "mediator" between God and Man; He ever liveth to "make intercession" for those who come to God by Him. If these statements mean anything to the world of today, they mean that He is the one channel by which there can come to men that new life, that new quality of life, that "eternal" life, which can make all things new, human nature included.

When we say that the world is faced with a life-or-death choice, we are saying what we all know to be literally true. But the choice was the same many centuries before Hiroshima and Bikini. It was always the same—the same in Eden, the same when Israel came out of Egypt. For it is the choice between eternal life, the free gift of God, and



INSISTENT are the Saviour's claims upon an unheeding world.

death, the wages of sin. The world should know how faithfully sin pays the wages; will it learn how abundantly God makes the gift?

## "Must Jesus Bear The Cross Alone?"

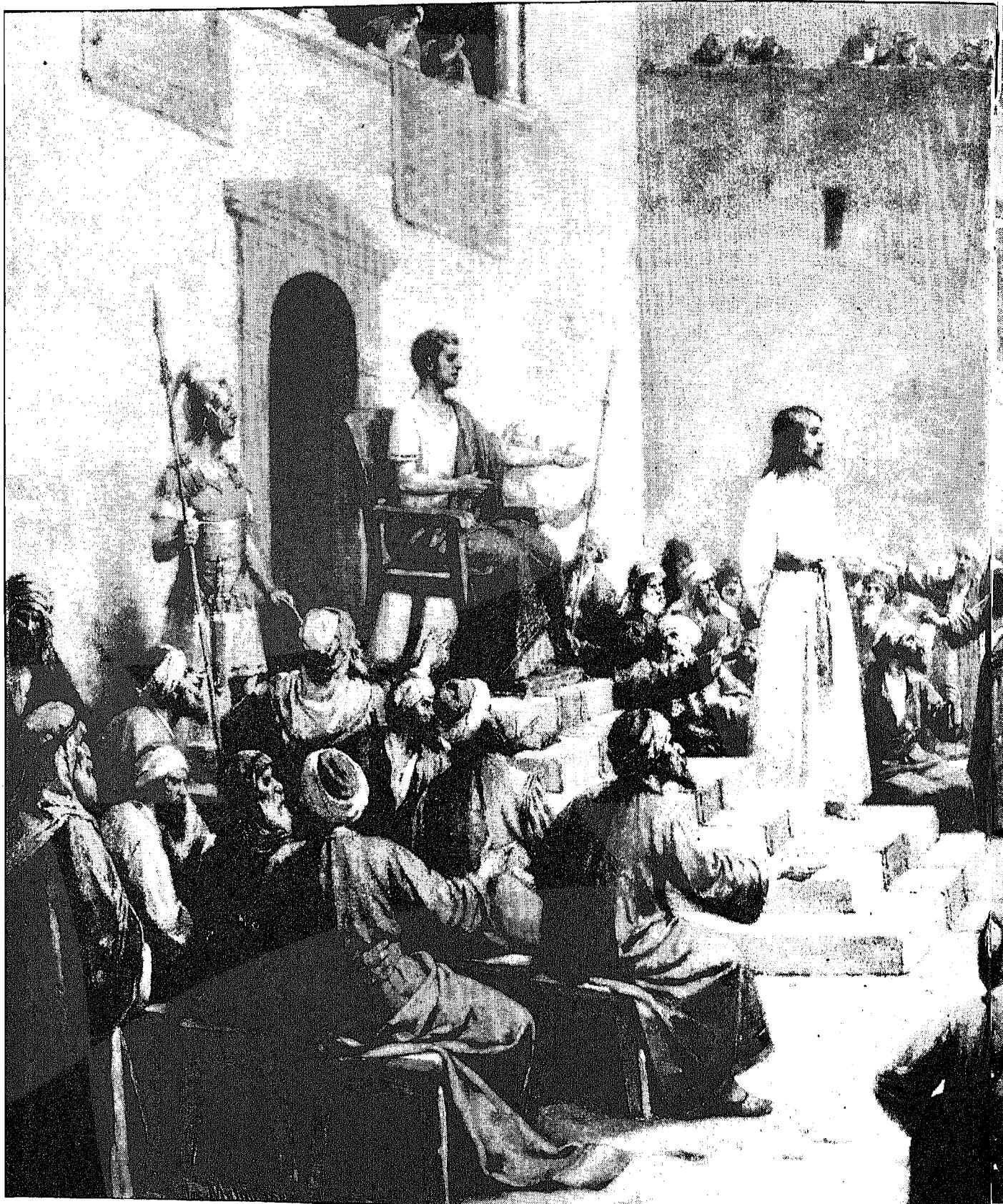
BY DEAN ARTHUR STANLEY, of Westminster (1815-1881)

**I**N Jerusalem though there were momentary bursts of enthusiasm in His behalf, yet He came so directly across the interests, the fears, the pleasures, and the prejudices of those who there ruled and taught, that at last it cost Him His life. By no less a sacrifice could the world be redeemed, by no less a struggle could His work be finished.

In that work, in one sense, none but He can take part. "He trod the winepress alone." But in another sense, often urged upon us in the Bible, we must all take part in it, if we would wish to do good to ourselves or to others. We cannot improve ourselves, we cannot assist others, we cannot do our duty in the world, except by exertion, except by unpopularity, except with

annoyance, except with care and difficulty. We must, each of us bear our cross with Him. When we bear it, it is lightened by thinking of Him.

When we bear it, each day makes it easier to us. Once the name of "Christian," or "Nazarene," was an offence in the eyes of the world; now, it is a glory. But we cannot have its glory without the labour which it involves. To "hear His words, and to do them," to hear of His death, and to follow in the path of His sufferings, this, and this only, as He Himself has told us, is to build our house, the house of our life, of our faith, of our happiness, upon a rock; a rock which will grow firmer and stronger the more we build upon it, and the more we have to bear.



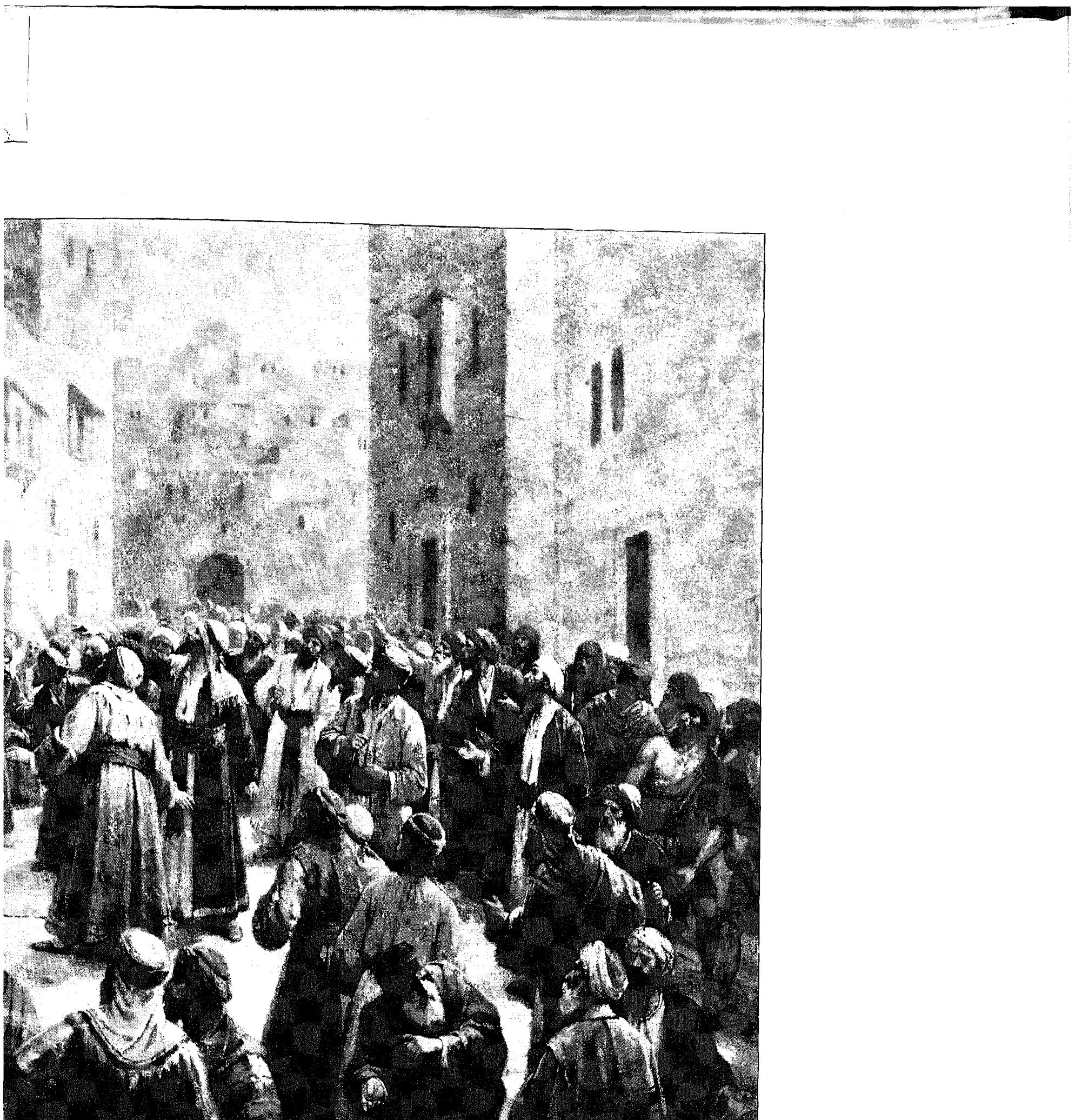
IN THIS comparatively recent picture (1914) of the trial of Christ before Pilate, the German artist, Joseph Molhausen, has got away from Peter found, in the old quarter, houses similar to those in use centuries ago. Pilate is pictured as seated in his "judgment seat"—a large armchair by a strange dream" of "this Man" and who sent word to Pilate to have nothing to do with Him. Pilate seems to have realized the business was diplomat enough to find a way out of his dilemma—he called for a bowl of water and symbolically "washed his hands" of the business telling of Jesus, who "suffered under Pontius Pilate." The attitudes and expressions

PAGE EIGHT

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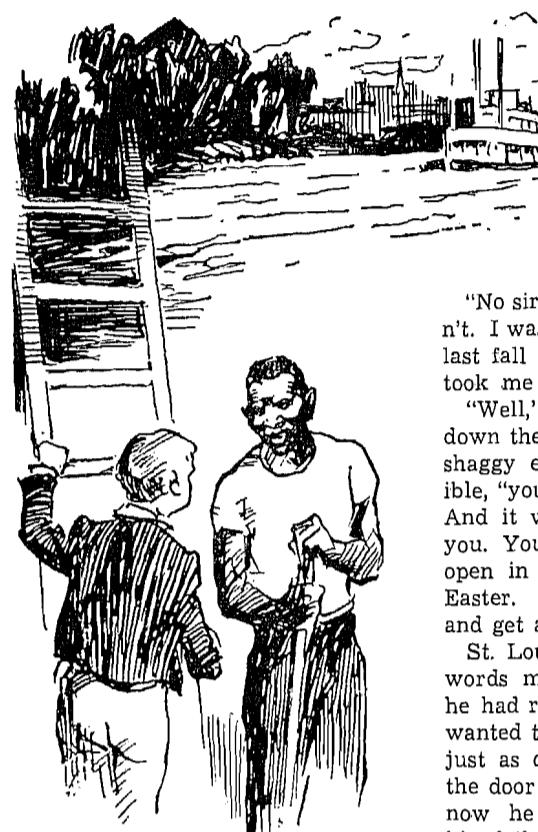
VAR CRY



entious, colonnaded type of building as pictured on the back page of this issue of THE WAR CRY. He evidently visited Jerusalem, and the steps of a typical Roman villa of those days. Looking out of the balcony are his wife and her maid—the woman who was "troubled" and was no ordinary man, and that He was being condemned because of the jealousy of the Jewish religious leaders. However, Pilate's innocence. Yet his name—with the stigma of cowardice attached to it—has come down to us through the centuries in the Apostles' Creed—sons of the Jewish council (at the left), and the rabble, are well portrayed.

# HOME for

A TALE ABOUT A



**A** SHIVER that made Toby pull his shoulders back and hold his arms close to his body ran up his back as he stepped on to the deck and closed behind him the door to the captain's cabin. The winter had been cold—bitterly cold. And even now—just four days before Easter—as the early morning sun played on the white rails of *The Columbine*, Toby could feel the chill air go through his thin jacket, right to the very bones of his scrawny arms.

But the tingle in Toby's spine was due more to what the captain had just told him than to the weather.

"Well, m'lad," the captain had said, "just three more days and the season is under way. And it's not a bit too soon." He rubbed his hands in eager anticipation of the admission receipts they soon would be grasping.

"Yes sir, *The Columbine* will be the finest showboat on the Mississippi," he continued, pounding the table with his fist to add emphasis to his remark.

He smiled a broad smile that let Toby see the rows of dirty, yellowed teeth.

"You've never been at the opening performance on a showboat, have you?" he asked, looking straight at Toby.

"No sir," Toby answered. "I haven't. I was never on a showboat until last fall when I ran away and you took me in to be your cabin boy."

"Well," the captain said, jerking down the peak of his cap so that his shaggy eyebrows were barely visible, "you're going to be at one soon. And it will be a double treat for you. You'll be home for Easter. We open in St. Louis the day before Easter. Well, run along now lad, and get at your chores."

St. Louis! The very sound of the words made Toby shudder. When he had run away from home he had wanted to close the door on his past just as definitely as he had closed the door to the captain's cabin. And now he was going back. What if his father, in his usual drunken stupor, should wander down the river bank and board the showboat to see the minstrel show? What if someone else from his old neighbourhood should recognize him?

These thoughts raced through Toby's young head as he shuffled along, eyes downcast, toward the ladder that would take him below to his bunk. As he walked he was oblivious of the sun dancing on the water of the mighty Father of Rivers. Indeed, he was hardly conscious of the chill wind that swept along the deck. He was numb. St. Louis! Home! The words had paralyzed him.

Reaching the bottom of the ladder, Toby was suddenly aware that Washington, the Negro deckhand, was sweeping at the far end of the dormitory. As usual he was singing one of the spiritual songs of his race:

*Were you there when they crucified my Lord?*

The coloured man, who was four times Toby's age, stopped both his singing and sweeping as he saw the boy approaching.

"Why, what's the matter, Marse Toby?" he asked, noting the drooping shoulders and dragging step of the boy. "What's the matter?"

"I'm afraid," Toby stammered. He didn't mean to cry, but a flood of

tears poured from his eyes and ran down his thin cheeks.

"Afraid?" Washington looked amazed. "Afraid of what?"

"We're going to St. Louis," he managed to blurt out, and then a fresh stream of tears kept him from saying any more.

"Of course we're going to St. Louis. We open there every year." Washington laid down his broom

BY ROBERT

and placed his big hand on the boy's shoulder. "But what's so bad about that? I've been there a hundred times, and I'm not afraid."

Toby wiped his eyes on the sleeves of his jacket. "I ran away from home," he confessed. "My folks live in St. Louis, and Dad gets awful drunk. If he finds me, he'll make me go home. I don't want to go home, Washington. I never want to go home."

"You should pray about it," the Negro answered. "Maybe the Lord wants you to go home."

"Pray?" Toby asked. "I don't know how to pray. And what good would it do anyway. God can't care about me."

"Why, Marse Toby! What a thing



THE WAR CRY

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WAR CRY

# EASTER

## MISSISSIPPI SHOWBOAT



to say. God sure enough does love you. Why, tomorrow is Good Friday—the day Jesus died to save sinners."

"Yes, I remember," Toby answered. "God so loved the world that He let His Son die so bad people could be saved."

"You do remember some of the things I told you!" Washington's face glowed with pleasure. "But

### THOMAS

the verse says, 'He gave His only begotten Son.' For you and me and everybody."

"But if God is so good," Toby questioned, "why does He let Daddy get so drunk all the time so that I had to run away? And why does He let *The Columbine* go back to St. Louis?"

"I don't know, Marse Toby. I don't know. But there must be some good reason. Maybe He let your daddy get drunk to help you. And maybe He let you run away to help your daddy. I don't know." He shook his head slowly back and forth. "I just don't know."

"Nor do I," Toby said thoughtfully.

"But I know one thing," Washington said. "If you'll open up your heart and let Him in, He'll save you and make you good. And you won't be afraid any more."

"Maybe some day," Toby answered. He turned and walked slowly to his bunk.

It was late Saturday afternoon—the day before Easter—when the big paddle-wheel on *The Columbine* stopped turning and the boat docked at St. Louis. Already posters hung from every post and wall on the waterfront.

"The greatest show on the Mississippi," they declared in bold red letters. "Music, magic, melodrama. A new show every night for six nights. Only 600 seats on *The Columbine*. Come early."

The steam calliope was bellowing, inviting the people to come. Backstage in the showboat's auditorium,

the performers were busy getting into costumes, adjusting false beards and putting on wigs.

Toby was busy cleaning the captain's cabin when the big man stormed in.

"They can't do this to me," he shouted. "What do they think this is? Who are they?"

He spotted Toby, who had shrunk into a corner.

"You!" the captain growled. "Go and find out who they are. That band on the bank. Probably belongs to some circus or something. They can't be from another showboat. *The Columbine* is the only one docked here."

"But I'm afraid to go ashore," Toby stammered. "I might—"

"Find out who they are." There was a note of finality in the captain's voice.

Slowly Toby moved across the deck, down the gangway and along the path between the flaming oil flares fastened to poles stuck in the steep clay bank.

A crowd of about 200 people was standing listening to the dozen men play a motley assortment of brass and reed instruments. Each man wore a dark uniform. There were women, too, and most of them had tambourines.

"What show are these people from?" Toby timidly inquired of a man on the edge of the crowd.

"Show?" the man answered, and he let out a hearty laugh. "They are a show, but they're not from a show. They belong to The Salvation Army."

That was all Toby needed to know. He'd tell the captain they were The Salvation Army—whatever that was. He turned and began to run toward the boat. Then, suddenly, he stopped. The men had laid down their instruments and were singing:

*Come home, come home.*

*Ye who are weary, come home.*

Were they singing to him? Toby wondered. But he didn't wait to find out. As fast as his legs could carry him he was down the bank, up

the gangway and across the deck to the captain's cabin.

The captain had gone, but Washington was just outside the door.

"What do they mean, Washington? Did they mean me?" Toby shot the questions at the bewildered deck-hand.

"Did who mean you?" Washington asked. "What are you talking about?"

"Those Salvation Army people. They were singing 'Come home, come home.' Did they mean me?"

"I think they did," Washington replied. "But they meant come home to Jesus. Let Him be your Saviour."

"Would He save my daddy, too?"

"He could," Washington said. "But the first thing is to give your heart to Jesus. Those Salvation Army people could help you. Wouldn't you like to go back there and be saved?"

"Yes, I think I would," Toby answered. "Will you go with me?"

Hand in hand they walked down the gangway and over to the place where the Salvationists were standing. The drum had been laid on its side, and two men were kneeling beside it, praying.

"You go kneel there too," Washington said, giving Toby a gentle push. "Ask Jesus to save you."

Toby ran to the drum and knelt down. As he did so, a uniformed man stepped from the ring and knelt beside him.

"Toby," the man said.

"Daddy! You're not drunk!"

"No, son, Jesus saved me several months ago, after you ran away. I came home to God."

"I'm coming home, too," Toby said. "I'm coming home for Easter."

*The Young Soldier, London.*

### HE LIVES!

**H**E lives! He lives!  
Christ Jesus lives today;  
He walks with me and talks with me  
Along life's narrow way.  
He lives! He lives!  
Salvation to impart,  
You ask me how I know He lives?  
**HE LIVES WITHIN MY HEART!**



# Questions

## FIDELITY

THE WOMEN  
WHO WERE  
WITH JESUS  
THROUGH HIS  
CRUCIFIXION  
WERE EARLY AT  
THE TOMB.

Painting by Bourguereau.

**W**HAT is the account of Calvary and the Resurrection not the same in all the Gospels?

How often have you compared the wonderful story of Good Friday and Easter in each of the four Gospels? Do you feel that it all fits in, or are you troubled by the apparent discrepancies? Some people are afraid to face difficulties of this kind and live in a mental fog because, although they hope the story is true, they cannot account for these seeming contradictions, and are incapable of imagining any situation which could explain them.

### From Different Standpoints

When considering the variations in the Biblical story, it is comforting to know that the police say that no two accounts of an accident are identical. Each one tells what he saw, or thinks he saw, and the details vary for all sorts of reasons. One will give emphasis to the carelessness of a driver; another to the "mere bad luck" of the accident. The position of the witness, the measure in which he was attentive to what was happening—even the kind of man or woman he is—all

this will affect and sometimes materially influence the account he will give of what has happened.

The story of each witness will, therefore, be at variance on some point with that of the other witnesses. But, and this is a remarkable thing, the police assert that this very discrepancy often helps the investigator to find out what really did happen.

If the Gospel stories were identical, we should be bound to conclude

**By The Territorial Commander  
COMMISSIONER W. WYCLIFFE BOOTH**

that they came from **one** source, and the value of the four accounts would largely disappear. Whereas, as matters stand, the very differences give us glimpses into the truth.

\* \* \*

### ANGEL OR MAN?

Many think that the man in white described in Mark is identical with the angel of Matthew's account.

In Mark 16:5 we read that the

women on entering the tomb "saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted."

In Matthew the account is about the angel who rolled away the stone. His presence is described in chapter 28:2-4. "The angel of the Lord descended from Heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men." It seems difficult to reconcile this with what we read in Mark.

But, is it so contradictory after all? Is it not possible that the story given in Matthew is what the soldiers said about the angel who rolled away the stone? The dread and awful countenance of that unearthly being would strike terror to any heart, and it is certain that the soldiers would describe their experience in vivid language if they had been so badly frightened that they "became as dead men."

It would seem that this angel spoke to the women and led them to the tomb (Matt. 28:6). May he not have been an altogether different being to the young man described by Mark who sat within the tomb?

### A "Certain Young Man"

One is tempted to speculate as to who this young man may have been. Some authorities believe that he was Mark himself, the writer of the Gospel. If we read the Gospel of John we notice how delicately he refers to himself, never mentioning his name, but always describing himself as "that other disciple," or "a

certain disciple." Many believe that Mark has done the same thing in the incident related in Mark 14:51, that is otherwise almost meaningless. I believe he wishes to tell us that he was with Jesus in the moment of his agony in the Garden. The "certain young man" who leaves his linen cloth in the hands of those who came to arrest Jesus is none other than Mark himself. No doubt during the following days he was

THE WAR CRY

## *Apparent Discrepancies That Help To Reveal What Really Happened At The Saviour's Resurrection . . . .*

still consumed with desire to know what was happening to Jesus. What more natural, then, that he is also an early visitor at the tomb, and clothed in his new clean linen garment (for he had lost his ordinary dress), he sits quietly in the tomb rejoicing over his new-found hope that men need no longer mourn a crucified Christ, but may now worship a risen Saviour.

\* \* \*

### WHY WERE THE WOMEN AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS?

Jesus appears to have left His mother at Bethany. There is no account of his farewell in the Gospels, but we cannot suppose that He left His mother without some word of farewell and courage for the dreadful ordeal to come. It is clear that He went to Jerusalem with the disciples alone (Matt. 26: 17). At any rate, in the long account of what happened on the journey and in the Upper Room, there is no mention of any women.

If the mother of Jesus, with the women were left at Bethany, how did it come about that they were present at the Crucifixion? A possible explanation is that when the terrified disciples rushed from the Garden of Gethsemane late on Thursday night—for we hear of three only who remained, Peter and John who went to the High Priest's house, and Judas had his own sinister task—they all ran, in the darkness of the night, to Bethany. There they would be away from Jerusalem where the power of the Pharisees was the strongest. They would not dare to go anywhere in Jerusalem for fear of arrest. What more natural than that they should go back to Bethany, which is only an hour's walk from Gethsemane? Can it be doubted that they found shelter in the home of Lazarus? It was at any rate a refuge where they knew they would be welcome. It must have been very late when they tumbled in with their dreadful story of the betrayal of Judas and the arrest of Jesus. What happened then? What else, but that the mother of Jesus—yes, and the other Mary who had anointed the feet of Jesus with the precious spikenard—with Mary Cleopas, ran out together in the night to go back to Jerusalem. These women had no thought of **their** danger; their only thought was to be near the **One** they loved.

Were they in time on Friday morning to witness the shameful

hesitations of Pilate? Did they hear from the fringe of the crowd the frenzied Jews shout for the liberation of Barabbas? Or were they only in time to meet that dreadful and pitiful procession on the way out from Jerusalem, up that long weary hill to Golgotha? We do not know.

All we know is that somehow they heard what had happened, and while the **men** rushed away fearing for their lives, these **women** came back to Jerusalem and stood by Jesus through the long hours of His death agony.

### WHY WAS THE STONE ROLLED AWAY?

Let us consider why the great stone was rolled away from the mouth of the tomb. It could not have been necessary in order to let our Lord rise from the tomb, because His subsequent appearances make it plain that He passed through barred doors or could vanish from the supper-table. Although He ate before the disciples and let them touch and feel His flesh, it is clear that His body was not subject to the ordinary physical laws of our universe.

No! Surely the stone was not rolled away to let the body out, but only to let the world know that the tomb was **empty**. But once the stone was removed and the seals were broken, the way was left open for the story which, in fact, the Sanhedrin tried to propagate, that the body had been stolen by the disciples. A greater and more definite proof of the resurrection of Jesus was necessary. And the Bible gives it in the account of the folded grave clothes.

### WHY THE FOLDED CLOTHES?

An important part of evidence of the Resurrection is to be found in the fact of the folded grave clothes. This is why they are mentioned. They were found "folded." Recent study of the language and the customs of Palestine go to show that the word used meant that they were not folded as a clean cloth is folded ready for use, but that they were left in the "windings," just as they had been wrapped about the body.

May it not be that the body of our Lord disintegrated and was drawn out through the grave clothes? Thus He came away from the tomb leaving them to fall flat and empty on the ledge where His body had lain. It was only after He



COMMISSIONER AND MRS. W. BOOTH

had come out from the rocky cave that His body resumed its human form, which a few moments later Mary Magdalene was to recognize.

### THE GREATEST QUESTION OF ALL . . . .

I am hoping that setting out these few questions has at any rate served the purpose of making you think over the story of our Lord's death and resurrection. But I can imagine some reader saying: "What does it matter who was at the tomb? Is it necessary to know the exact reason why the stone was rolled away? What does it matter to me whether I know the answer to these or any other speculative questions regarding the Good Friday and Easter happenings?"

Let me say to all that these are **only** questions. They are of little importance beside **THE GREAT QUESTION** which leaps out of the Easter story. It is this: **How far are YOU proving Christ's Resurrection Power in YOUR life?**

This is the most important question of all. May it burn in the mind and heart of every reader—you, whose eyes now follow these words. And may God help you to give the right answer, so that you may go on to prove His power—more and more!

## **The WAR CRY**

No. 3723 SAT. MARCH 31, 1956 Price 15c

Official organ of The Salvation Army in Canada and Bermuda. William Booth, Founder; Wilfred Kitching, General; W. Wycliffe Booth, Territorial Commander. International Headquarters, Denmark Hill, London; Headquarters for Canada and Bermuda, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 1, Ontario, Canada.

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada and Bermuda by The Salvation Army Printing House, 471 Jarvis Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada.

Authorized as second class mail at the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor, 471 Jarvis Street, Toronto 5, Ontario. Enquiries regarding shipments and subscription rates should be made to the Printing Secretary at the same address.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry, including the special Easter and Christmas issues, will be mailed each week for one year to any address for \$5, postpaid, or \$2.50 for six months.

## An Inspiration

### That Stopped a War

HIGH up in the Andes Mountains stands a statue situated on the boundary between Argentina and Chile. At its foot are engraved these words: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace sworn at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

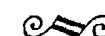
The circumstance by which the statue came to be erected is not a singular one, but what its presence on the mountaintop reveals today is most significant.

At the turn of the century diplomatic relations between the countries had reached their limit. Warships were in readiness; men had been called from the fields and their homes to come into the forts and be drilled into armies; rich and poor were asked to give of their money to pay for these things. The spring of 1900 found a conflict about to begin.

Then Easter Sunday dawned. With new hope and conviction, old Bishop Benavente of the Argentine Republic faced his congregation. "Why build warships?" he asked. "Why drill armies? Why not be friends with neighbours?" He urged them to stop and reflect, reminded them that war never proved who was right—it only showed whose army was the strongest, whose strategy was best. And then he urged them to remember the teachings of Christ.

News of that message was carried over the mountains. Bishop Java in Chile urged his people, too, to work for peace, not war, but hostile relations did not cease with a mere request from two religious leaders. It took months for a revolution of opinion to come about. The boundary line, over which the dispute had started in the first place, was still a disputed issue.

There followed hours of study; opinions of neutral countries were sought; and finally a settlement satisfactory to both sides was reached.



SOME MONUMENTS are worse than useless, but this one is a lasting symbol of peace. It was erected, as the story explains, as a perpetual sign for two neighbouring nations that they should never fight again, but rather settle their differences amicably.

But it was more than the settlement of mere boundary. The paper those two countries endorsed was a Treaty of Arbitration, one of the first in the world, in which it was agreed that all questions should be settled peacefully.

Such was the hope of an Argentine bishop. And such was the vision of the man who later was privileged to witness one of the most unusual ceremonies history has ever recorded.

In 1904, there in the Andes, came men, women, and children to spend the night on the mountain. The people of the Argentine camped on the Chilean side; the people of Chile, on that of the Argentines, to show that they were friends. There was a great sound of music; shouts and songs echoed across the valleys.

The next afternoon, at sunset, when the statue was unveiled, the people beheld in the last glow of the sun a bronze figure of Christ, made from the metal of old guns. Standing on a globe, the figure holds a cross in one hand and extends the other hand in invitation. Silently the people knelt and prayed that the whole world might be at peace as they were.

As we watch the struggles and failures of nations to keep peace today, a fact which Christian people have known all along becomes more

evident. Peace can come only as the nations are willing to kneel at the feet of Christ.—Upward.

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#### A SOLDIER'S REVERIE

(Continued from page 3)  
to the dust of the earth, his life  
but a grain in an eternal desert of  
time . . .

Today, tomorrow, an aeon hence.  
The breeze had died away to a  
faint murmur but, in its voice, the  
soldier seemed to hear the music of  
a thousand violins, each attuned to  
Calvary, falling to the eddying  
sands, then rising anew to a pitch  
immortal. And the refrain was:

" . . . that not only thou, but also  
all that hear me this day, were  
both almost, and altogether such as  
I am, except these bonds."

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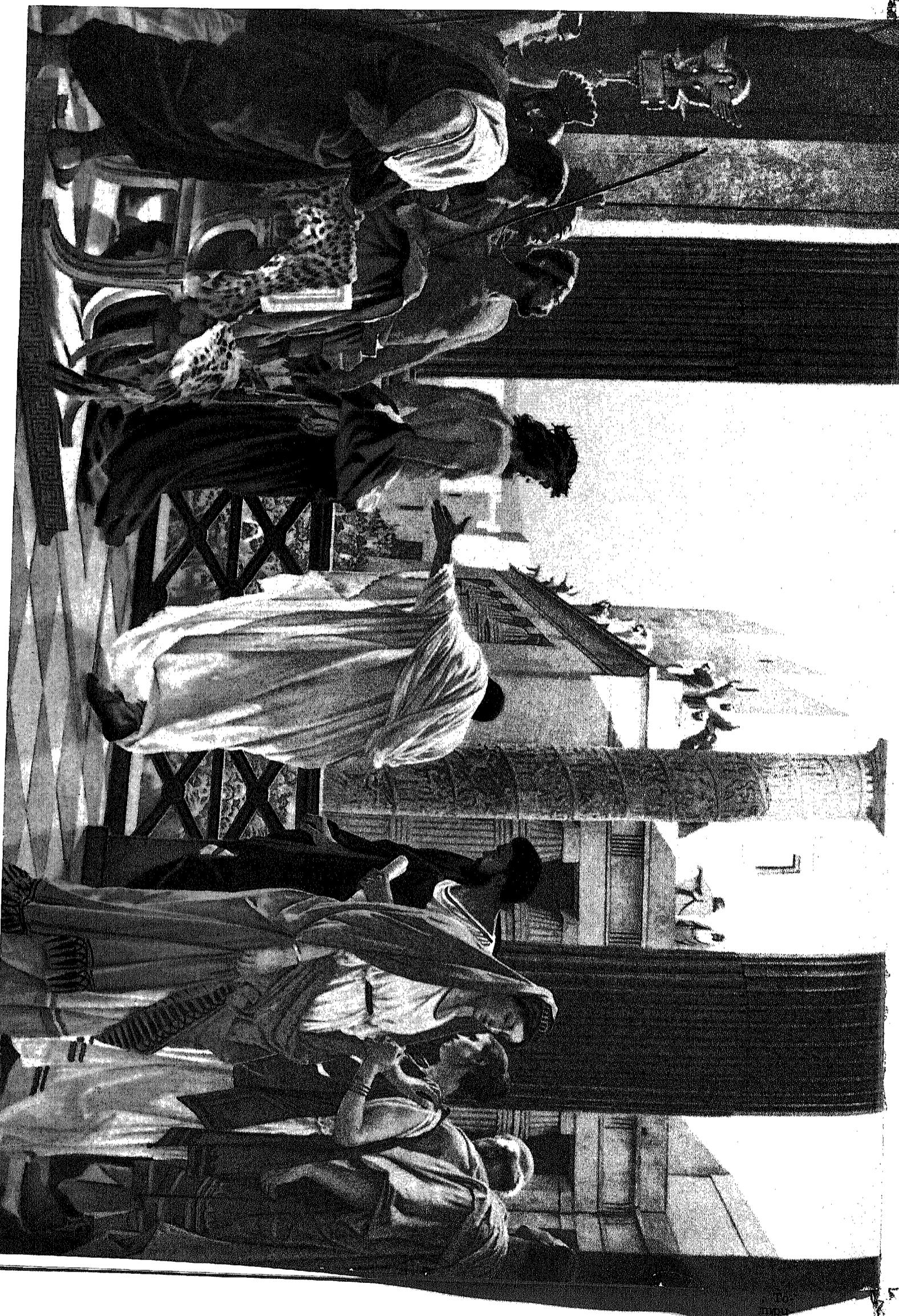


## GOD SENT THE FLOWERS

THE glory of a field of daffodils—  
A shimm'ring tapestry of golden bells;  
All dancing in the gentle spring-time breeze  
As though their Maker they would strive to please;  
Expressing in this way their praise to God  
Who drew them forth from out the humble clod.

\* \* \*

O let us serve the Lord throughout our days,  
Who sent the flowers to teach us lives of praise.



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